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Number 9

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Editorial

FEAR AND SUPERSTITION

by John Russo

These days we are living in a nation gripped by fear.

Nothing new about that, you might say. During World War Two we feared attack by the Germans and the Japanese. And during the Cold War, we built concrete bomb shelters and made school children practice hiding under their desks in case the Russians or Chinese bombarded us with nuclear warheads.

But at least those fears centered around a real or potentially real foreign threat.

These days we live in fear of ourselves.

Home-grown criminals rape, rob, stab and shoot us at an epidemic rate. Home-grown terrorists blow us up with home-made bombs made out of fertilizer.

We are afraid of love, afraid of romance, afraid of sex, afraid of AIDS.

Popular music is increasingly unromantic, angry, and cruel. Sometimes it helps incite the violence that we perpetuate against ourselves.

We are afraid of what we have become. We lament the innocence we have lost. And we feel an urge to travel backwards to try to recapture a sense of innocence.

Our search for simplistic solutions causes some of us to behave like ignorant, superstitious primitives,

not knowing whether to run from the fire, the lightning and the thunder – or pray to it.

Some parents in my neighborhood are so afraid of modern life that they have chosen to withdraw from it by joining a "fundamentalist" religious sect that requires their children to be taken out of the public schools and taught at home so that their minds can be kept "clean."

Since they are afraid of sex (AIDS), they don't want their children to have any sex education at all. Since they are afraid of "godless science," they don't want their children to learn about evolution. They forbid dancing and dating and the wearing of shorts and lowcut dresses. They don't permit their children to go trick-or-treating on Halloween, because they regard that holiday as pagan "devil worship."

Back in the Dark Ages, All Hallow's Eve was thought to be a night when ghosts, demons and goblins walked the land. Is that where we're headed? Is our fear of each other driving us back into the Dark Ages?

I think that until we learn to laugh at our ancient superstitions, we shall never be free of them. Until we learn who we are and where we came from – including how we evolved from more primitive creatures – we are not going to fully understand ourselves, with all our faults and all our virtues. Until we learn to face modern problems

instead of hiding from them, our dread and terror will only grow worse.

We need to keep reaching out to each other, and keep reaching out for knowledge. Knowledge is what separates us from our savage ancestors – and our savage contemporaries. In the absence of knowledge and understanding, and without the willingness to keep on inquiring and learning, we revert to mindless, helpless ignorance that makes us fear the lightning and the thunder and the hopes and the challenges of the dangerous and marvelous times that we live in. □

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SQI Mailbox

Dear Mr. Russo,

SQI # 6 was excellent. Larissa is one very beautiful lady. I wish her pictorial had been 10 pages longer. I hope she reappears in your magazine soon for a second, longer pictorial.

I hope you have plans to feature in my opinion your most beautiful centerfold, Stacy Warfel, a second time in SQI.

That nude picture of her in # 6, page 11 is the best nude picture I have seen of her so far. That picture should be her next centerfold. I am a big fan of Stacy Warfel.

*Keep up the terrific work,
James Alan Yates*

Dear Mr. Russo and Company:

As a loyal reader of SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED and Michelle Bauer fan, I was deeply disappointed to learn that Michelle will no longer be signing autographs. Although I have been to several conventions, I never had the chance to meet her and get a personalized autograph; now it looks as though I never will. Fortunately, the next best thing has come along: I saw your ad regarding the autographed pictures of Michelle for sale. Unfortunately, however, I am not a rich man these days and I cannot afford more than one photo. Please be kind and send me the best full-figured shot of Michelle that you have available (if any). I have enclosed a money order for \$25.00 and I certify that I am well over 18 years of age.

Long live SQI!

*Jeff Paules
Clinton, IA*

Dear SQI,

As a new subscriber to your magazine I am writing to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. I just received my first issue (SQI #7) and the pictorial of Monique Gabrielle is really stunning. The centerfold shot is truly the most erotic photo that I have ever seen in my entire life. So please keep up the good work, and I look forward to subscribing to your magazine for many, many years to come.

*Don M. Beach
Walterboro, SC*



Dear Terry, Bob and Jack,

I can't thank you enough for everything!

You are the BEST! I kept four magazines because the three you gave me at FANGO have been given away for P.R.!

I really missed you guys at the "Chiller" but I just finished starring in two new films back to back. In the one called VAMPRESS: LADY OF THE NIGHT, I play a callgirl turned vampire with lots of special ef-

fects. I can't wait till it is released! I'll send you some stills if you wish!

It would be so cool if you put one in the super cool SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED.

I miss you all, and hope to see you again soon! Let's keep in touch!

*I send you my best wishes,
all love and blessings,
Debbie Dutch*

Greetings:

I was very pleased when I picked up issue #6 at Merlin's Books in Tampa to find Brinke Stevens featured on your cover. I was even happier when I found the had written the article that accompanied her photo layout inside.

I interviewed Brinke for Al Shevy's WORLD OF FANDOM magazine last October and found her to be a fascinating, highly intelligent and easily approachable person. She is a genuine fan of the horror/scifi genre. It is an inspiration to encounter people such as her within the film industry who started out as fans and have remained so after entering their professional careers. I'm looking forward to seeing her new Showtime film MOMMY.

Please continue to utilize this lovely lady within your pages. How about exploiting her writing talents further by featuring a regular column by her in each issue?

*Sincerely,
Garland G. Hewlett
Sub Atomic Productions
Tampa, FL*

Michelle Memories...

Michelle Bauer grants SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED a final, candid conversation and poses for a special last photo shoot with Hollywood photographer ,Elliot especially for us.

Michelle Bauer is without a doubt one of the B-movies' most cherished *Scream Queens*. This past April, at Kevin Clement's Chiller Theatre Convention in New Jersey, she formally announced her retirement as she made her final personal appearance. She has decided that it is time for her to devote herself on a full time basis to her husband, her daughter, and the couple's business. There will be no more movies, videos, conventions, personal appearances, interviews or photo sessions...except, that is, for this exclusive last candid conversation with Bob Michelucci and final official photo shoot for *SQI*...

...and now some random thoughts and memories.

ON BEING A LEGITIMATE SCREAM QUEEN...

It was Brinke Stevens who once said "Young girls are now coming into the market, making one movie on video, and calling themselves *Scream Queens*. "whereas Linnea, Brinke, and myself had to withstand time and persevere by going from being a model to becoming an actress and start out doing bit parts of background nudity in order to first prove ourselves in the industry. It was a big step for us. We had all been in some men's magazines at one time or another and it was hard breaking into the "B" movies. We would get to do a little background work, perhaps in a couple of Scott Ballo movies and the





like. We would always be meeting one another on the sets, but these parts were for the mainstream film producers. Somehow, we went through the back door and struggled for several years in order to have been honored with a cold reading for one of the "B" movies. It was the most exciting thing for us because we had worked so hard to get these. Now of course, there are magazines such as SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED and I think that's fantastic because the new girls are able to get that needed exposure and close-up look right away.

In my time, we had no direct link to fans. You got yourself into PENTHOUSE or some other men's magazine and hopefully you were recognized from that exposure. You used to have to have a resume, but today they don't even need that.

Home video was just coming of age, so even though people may not even have known your name, they knew who you were because they had seen so much of you through the years and that's how we ended up being tagged Scream Queens. I resented that in some ways, I'm not sure why, but I did. Today, the girls label themselves as Scream Queens.

I guess that somebody has to make it happen, although you never know how long any of these new girls are going to last. They come and go so quickly. The only new one that I can really say has started out with magazines and promoted herself and pushed to get to where she is today is Julie Strain. And that's because she seemed to want it really bad.

ON GETTING NAKED...

My theory is that if you don't do it honey, someone else will. To me, I think that it was a downfall of sorts when Linnea and Brinke stopped for a while. They seem to be struggling on their comebacks now because of taking that stand. They wanted to do bigger and better things without taking their clothes off. I think that you can do better things and *still* take your clothes off! When you've been doing it for ten years, you can't just all of a sudden say "I'm no longer going to show you my breasts." But I do feel that their taking





a leave did them both good because they were both pretty well saturated. Even then, they were still out there and active with their fan clubs.

I think that women really need to consider what getting nude is worth to them. If they go to a reading and nudity is required are they going to walk out the door just when they're finally getting a break? I've been told, "We're going to need to see your breasts for this one particular love scene" or "We're going to have to see you completely nude." I received a lot of flack from my part in **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. People would ask, "Why did you have to show your pubic hair? Why did you do full frontal nudity?" Well, with Fred (Olen Ray), when the time came it was never even an issue. When he said that he wanted me completely nude for a particular scene, I said Okay, fine. Was I supposed to gamble that it wasn't in my contract? What contract?

ABOUT THOSE SO-CALLED AGENTS...

You know what? I think that I was just fortunate. I've seen all of these girls with managers and agents or whatever else you want to call them and I don't feel that it helps them at all. There were a lot of good folks that I did work for that were interested in Linnea, in particular, but she would always tell them to call her manager and they just dropped her flat. Just like a hot potato.

Once, I did take on an agent, Ray Cavalary, who represented a lot of folks here on the west coast. But at that time, I had already made so many connections and knew so many people that I was actually bringing him the work! I finally said to myself, "Hey, there's something wrong here," so I dropped him. I think that if I were to ever attempt a comeback I would consider an agent. Someone to help get my feet wet again.

When I was six months pregnant with my daughter I did **ASSAULT ON THE PARTY NERDS** and when that was finished I walked out and didn't come back to the industry for two years. But when I attempted my comeback, no one took me seriously. I said, "Look, I really want to work again," and Fred





Ray would say, "Yea, Yea, Yea." I continued to bug him and kept calling him and then I got my old phonebook out, blew the dust from between the cracks, and started to just call and bug everyone that I knew. Finally I was given a small part in *EVIL TOONS* and I started to bounce back again. It was a struggle to get back and it was hard. I didn't think that I was going to make it.

ON FAN CLUBS...

I've got a box full of mail sitting here right now. A lot of it is old, but people are still writing to me asking to join my fan club. It's a fan club that I never even had. They haven't a clue that I've retired. They're still writing for pictures. I try to answer it a little bit at a time, and at times, I've felt obligated to open a club. You wouldn't believe how many times I'll get requests for autographs and photos and the fan doesn't even include a self addressed, stamped envelope. I could go broke on the postage alone. I guess that if I had absolutely nothing else going on...no

family, no business with my husband...I probably would have started a fan club.

ON HER ATTITUDE...

Well, fuck 'em. And fuck you. I think that that's why I could have so much fun. I really never liked doing all of those trade shows either. Not until the end. I actually asked to be at the *Chiller* show. It was the first and only show that I asked to go to. I called Kevin Clement and asked him if I could please attend his show as my final personal appearance.

ON CHARGING FOR AUTOGRAPHS...

I don't know. But then I see what one of the girls is doing and I think to myself, "Oh God, this has gone completely the wrong way." Now I see that a couple of the other girls are doing it too. They're all making these huge financial demands. And their agent...he's amazing! I can't believe what he's doing. When I saw what was

going on at the *Chiller* show I couldn't believe it. I was really appalled. I mean, h-y, I was at my table giving stuff away and when I visited these girls at their booth I just couldn't believe it. I stopped there because one of my fans (we call him Thumper) who we all love dearly asked if he could take a group photo with us...sort of a *NIGHTMARE SISTERS* reunion shot. When we were all together taking the photo, another fan stopped by the booth and asked if he could take a shot with his Polaroid and the agent for the girls blurted out, "Yeah, it'll cost you twenty bucks." I thought it was an outrageous amount to charge this guy for a polaroid shot taken with his own camera and film! I said, "Oh my gosh!" and they took the picture and he paid for it. Their agent then came over to me and offered me my share of the take. I told him that I didn't want it and to give it back to the poor guy who just paid out the cash. I just walked away from there numbingly to myself.

I think that charging for your signature is wrong and the fans just ought to say





"Forget it, we're just not going to pay!" until the girls break down their defenses. I just don't think it's fair. I mean, what are you...made of gold? Elvira was charging less for her signed photos than anybody else at the show and in my opinion, she's a bona fide star. Now, what does that tell you? It tells me that these girls are on the wrong track. I'm so opinionated and I've kept my mouth shut for a long time.

ON WORKING...

I had this old adage which seems to always be true. If you can't see the camera, then it can't see you. I guess that I was always just like a kid on the set. When we were filming *DINO-SAUR ISLAND* I'd pick up a little rock and start throwing it at people and the next thing you know there would be an all-out rock war going on. The director would be yelling for me to get the hell off the set! Sometimes I'd get really bored. Once, I used one of those clip type clothespins that the grips use and pinned a "Kick Me" sign to Jim Wynorski's back without him knowing it. I always had a good time.

ON HER FAVORITE FILMS...

Actually, there're so many of my films that I haven't even seen. I have gotten a lot of garbage for doing *NAKED INSTINCT*. Now that was fun! It's probably such a big seller because it's so dirty. (laughs)

People have asked me, since I've done so many love scenes, what it's like. Do I get turned on? I must admit, yeah. It was a big turn-on for me. When my mother heard that I was quitting the business she called me and asked what I was going to do now. How will I justify my sexuality? She knows me better than anybody and I told her that somehow I'll just have to wing it. She knows that I've always needed some sort of crutch to make me feel powerful sexually. The movies have always done that for me.

There was a point when my husband Mr. McClelland, who really cares for me, was upset with my roles. Once he was on the set of a film called *TERROR NIGHT* when I was filming a love scene. He didn't say much at the time, but when he watched it with me at



the screening, he didn't talk to me for a week because of what it looked like even though he was there when we filmed it and saw how many people were standing around the set. Go figure. Now Mr. Beach, my first husband, didn't care. It was anything for the almighty buck.

It's more comfortable for me if my husband isn't on the set. I've broken in a lot of young guys who had never done it before. Love scenes for movies, that is. I loved it. I really liked working for David DeCoteau because he would always pair me up with the better looking guys. That's also more fun.

FINAL THOUGHTS...

Over the years I've made some pretty good friendships out of it all. I tried my best.

Towards the end, I felt that I had to stand up for myself and that was getting to me. I was doing so many favors for so many people that I felt I was being taken advantage of. I didn't feel that it was fair and I was getting really frustrated. I was starting to cop an attitude and I was getting real bitchy. I thought that this just isn't fun anymore.

ABOUT THAT LATEST RUMOR...

As far as that latest rumor going around that I am really a transsexual, well... ☐





The Video Toybox

Titillating Trifles and Collectible Confections...

HOLLYWOOD

CHAINSAW HOOKERS

Erotic Action Flick, 90 min.
Camp Motion Pictures

Produced and directed by B-movie maker extraordinaire Fred Olen Ray, this little gem is one of our hottest sellers, and stars Michelle Bauer, Linnea Quigley and Gunnar Hansen. It's a campy, tongue-in-cheek romp about a cult of chainsaw worshiping hookers (headed by "Leatherface" himself) who pick up and then chop up a lotta guys! Linnea is charmingly seductive in the role of a teenage runaway, Samantha, abducted by the cult and hunted by private investigator Jack Chandler (Jay Richardson) who was hired by her parents.

Needless to say, the private dick gets a lot more trouble than he bargained for and literally has trouble keeping his head! But before he loses it, he discovers that Samantha and her lady friends have brutally slain their pimp and are now under the control of the chainsaw cult.

The cult's leader (Hansen) plans to make a human sacrifice of Samantha in a bizarre ceremony, but soon decides that the meddling Jack would make an even more suitable subject to "see the light" of their mechanized deity. The action and suspense come to a head in a hidden Egyptian temple in East Los Angeles as the terrifying ceremony is unleashed. Things get totally out of hand and a huge chainsaw fight breaks out. In a violent, bloody finale the cult is dismembered for good! Or are they?

The aforementioned chainsaw battle is a real tour-de-force frolic between Scream Queen favorites Michelle Bauer and Linnea Quigley. This flick is entertain-



ingly campy and gory, with enough lowdown humor and outrageous nudity to please any perv! The action sequences are bloody to the point of surrealism, with plenty of body parts flying around.

One of the most memorable scenes on this trip is when Michelle is seducing a john in her apartment, and she gets naked, covers a por-

trait of Elvis on the wall with plastic, puts on a shower cap, tells the john to close his eyes — then surprises him with a chainsaw, all fired up and roaring, and starts hacking him to ribbons. The scene goes on and on with a ludicrous shower of blood that coats everything in the room but doesn't mess up the Elvis portrait or Michelle's hair, thanks to the protective





plastic.

The gore becomes satire – not repulsive but humorous – overdone to the point of hilarity.

For a romping and sexy good time, you'll want to have this one in your own video toybox. Order it from the Drive-in Cinema ad in this magazine.



THE RIGHT TYPE

Original Fiction by Bruce Adams

Gail Halstead tried to keep her imagination from running wild as she listened to her fellow officer talking about the weird murder that had happened in their precinct.

"Hear about the guy killed in Lakewood?"

"Yeah, victim had his throat, ah, mutilated."

"How do you mutilate someone's throat?"

"Any drugs involved?"

Noticing how intently she was



listening. Gail's partner, Officer Greg Moccia, filled her in a little. "Victim's name was James Starling, fifty-one years old. Bus driver with the city transit system; good working record. He resisted his attacker, sustained a blow to the head with a heavy object, but that wasn't fatal. He bled to death from the neck wound."

"Any poop on the killer?" Gail asked.

"Only that he worked alone, was apparently right-handed, and didn't steal anything. Didn't touch Starling's wallet full of money."

Gail couldn't help thinking the word "vampire." She did not believe in supernatural creatures who changed into bats and slept in coffins, of course, but she had heard a plausible theory about people with a genetic defect that caused them to lust for human blood.

She knew she couldn't mention anything of the sort to her fellow officers. In three years on the Police Force she had earned a lot of respect and admiration. Twenty-five years old, a slim, attractive brunette, she was looked upon by the male officers as a good, not just good-looking, cop.

To herself, she mullied over a smattering of facts from her unorthodox research.

The vampire will often seek out a victim with his own blood type...hence a vampire with type O-positive blood will attempt to find a victim with O-positive. When two or more vampires live in the same area, they often work together, sharing the available victims. In effect, they make deals with each other, teaming up for their mutual advantage.

Gail was amazed at what she was learning. *Make deals with each other?* Could there be more than one vampire in Cleveland?

A few days after the Starling murder, Gail made some discreet inquiries at the coroner's office, do

and found out that Mr. Starling's blood type was B-positive.

Three weeks later, the second vampire-like murder occurred. The victim was Marsha Van Street, a 23-year-old secretary. Her throat had been torn open, and she bled to death in her apartment. The left side of her jaw was bruised and broken; the killer had punched her before ripping out her throat. As in the Starling case, nothing was stolen and the killer seemed to be right-handed.



The cops sat around the precinct coffee room, talking about the case. Gail decided it was time to speak, to offer her theories.

"I know this sounds wild," she began carefully, "but we may be dealing with a vampire here. Now wait a minute," she continued, noting the snickers and smiles from several officers. "I'm not talking about monsters from the movies and TV. I'm referring to people with a genetic flaw, a craving to drink human blood. I've been reading a book about it and . . ."

Officer Dan Greenstein interrupted her. "Look, Gail, our job is not to analyze this guy, but to stop him

before he kills again. Does your book have any ideas about how to that?"

"Maybe," Gail answered. "The author states that some vampires don't realize, at first, that they're vampires. And that they may seek out a victim with the same blood type as themselves. Also, that if two or more vampires are in the same area, they will often help each other out, make deals with each other to cooperate and share the . . ."

Hoots of laughter erupted from the assembled officers.

"Vampires? Make deals with each other?"

One cop nudged another in the ribs. "Yeah, they go into business together, opening blood banks!"

More laughter followed, but Gail noticed one cop who wasn't laughing: her partner Greg Moccia. Under his breath, he mouthed some info about the autopsy on Marsha Van Street. "Ms. Van Street put up quite a struggle. There was blood under her fingernails, not her own blood. But it was B-positive, like hers. She and Starling and the killer. They were all the same type. All B-positive."

"Wow," said Gail. "Thanks for that info, partner."

Three nights later, when she was off-duty, Gail decided to go to Captain Ben's Bar, because it was one of the singles bars that had been frequented by Marsha Van Street. Also because the bar maid, Holly, was an old friend who might be helpful.

"How are things going, Hol?" Gail asked.

"Not bad, Gail," Holly replied. "How are things with you? Been making lots of arrests lately?"

"Just the usual," Gail answered. "I need some information, Holly. You hear about the woman who got her

Continued on page 22

THE RIGHT TYPE

Continued from page 20

throat cut out, Marsha Van Street?"

Holly leaned forward, lowering her voice. "Yeah, she used to come in here. You on that case?"

"No, not officially. And please don't mention to any other cops that I was making inquiries, O.K.?" Who did she hang out with? Did she ever leave with anyone?"

"Well, she spent a lot of time with a quiet, reserved sort of guy called Harry. His name is actually Harris Monroe. Never drinks much; often orders non-alcoholic drinks. But I never saw them leave together."

Doesn't drink much, Gail mused. She recalled her book saying that vampires drank little alcohol, never becoming intoxicated.

"Speak of the devil," Holly blurted. "Here he comes now, Gail, over there."

Harris Monroe had just come through the door. He was tall, pleasant-looking, nondescript. He sat down and ordered a drink. Gail noticed his eyes wandering around, taking in the action.

Serial Killer? Vampire? Or just another single guy on the prowl? He glanced briefly in Gail's direction, then walked over to the dance floor and joined the crowd of people gyrating to the music.

Gail ordered another drink and was about to pass a five dollar bill across the bar when a hand rested on hers. Harris Monroe was standing next to her. "May I buy you this one?" he asked rather pleasantly.

Gail paused, not wanting to appear too eager. She neither moved Harry's hand away, nor said anything.

"Tell you what," said Harry. "If you'll let me buy you this drink, I'll let you buy me one. How's that?"

"O.K.," Gail answered, watching

him slide his own five across the bar. "My name's Gail."

"I'm Harry. Harris Monroe. Nice to meet you, Gail."

"What kind of work do you do, Harry?"

"I'm a cost accountant over at Wiley Engineering, in Euclid. What do you do, Gail?"

"I'm a police officer."

"Well, this is a first for me," said Harry. "I've never met a police-woman before." He raised his glass, offering a toast. "To Cleveland's finest, Officer Gail."

Up close, Harry looked even blander and more ordinary than from a distance. He had no really distinguishing features, except possibly for his intent, piercing blue eyes. Gail saw no sign of any scratch marks on his face, but it was hard to tell in the dim light of the bar.

When she suggested a second round of drinks, he declined. "I rarely take more than one or two," he said. "I don't like to get drunk."

Right, Harry, Gail thought. Maybe you drink something else.

As the evening progressed, Gail learned that Harry was forty-one years old, a Vietnam veteran, had been married and divorced when he was younger, and lived in a bouse in Richmond Heights. He said that he would like to have her come over and visit some time. So they jotted down each other's phone numbers and addresses.

A week later, Gail pulled into the driveway of Harry's house. Like its owner, the house was very ordinary-looking, in a middle-class neighborhood. She was driving a rented car. None of her fellow officers knew that she was here, or that she was investigating the murders on her own. She had stopped talking about vampires, but the others in the precinct hadn't let

her forget. Someone had stuck a picture of Christopher Lee, as Dracula, on her locker door; she also had to listen to lots of stupid jokes about vampires, werewolves and assorted occult creatures making deals.

Gail brought several items with her to Harry's house. Chief among these was a black bag, similar to a doctor's bag, in which she carried certain tools.

Harry met her at the door, dressed casually in slacks and short-sleeved shirt.

"Come in, Gail," he said with a warm smile, giving her an embrace and a kiss on the lips. Much friendlier than he'd been at Captain Ben's.

"Let me fix you a drink, and I'll show you around," he said.

Gail looked around the living room. On the walls were several photographs of scenes from Vietnam. Most were pictures of soldiers sitting around relaxed, reading magazines, drinking beer.

Harry emerged from the kitchen, handing her a drink.

"Those are pictures of my buddies," he explained. "Not all of them came home alive. I was one of the lucky ones."

One photo showed him sitting in a chair outdoors, getting a haircut from a Vietnamese.

"That barber turned out to be a Vietcong," he said. "I still regard him as one of my best friends."

"Were you ever wounded?"

"Yes, but not as badly as many of my buddies. Just shrapnel in my chest and abdomen." He pulled up his shirt, displaying a number of small scars. "I was hospitalized just long enough to get the Purple Heart."

"I've never seen a Purple Heart medal," said Gail.

Continued on page 68

The Making of a Fantasy Girl...

Story by Lisa Dolan

Photographs by Bill Suttie

It's not possible to keep track of the number of men who tell Bill Suttie that they "wish I had your job." Especially after he tells them he just finished shooting pictures of almost 40 girls for the FANTASY GIRLS UNCOVERED trading card set. What man in his right mind wouldn't want to be Bill? After all, while most people are doing a grueling 9 to 5, he is taking pictures of some of the prettiest women he could find from as far as Chicago and Miami to as close as New York and right at home in Pittsburgh.

Unfortunately, it's not all play and no work. It takes a talented man to photograph and choose just who will become a Fantasy Girl. Of course the notoriety he received from his work with the earlier Fantasy Girl trading card sets does help many, many models want to be photographed by BILL! Of the mor-





than 100 girls interviewed only a little more than 40 were photographed. Out of those photographed less than 30 were chosen for the set.

It takes a very special person to qualify for the honor of being chosen as a Fantasy Girl. First and foremost, she must be beautiful; she has to have a killer body, and she has to have tons of patience. The metamorphosis starts in the studio with the make-up artist, a successful model herself, who takes almost an hour to skillfully transform the model. Then it's over to the hairstylist, where he works his own brand of magic. Finally the model visits the wardrobe coordinator, and out of the dressing room walks a Fantasy Girl.

Each model is photographed in at least three different "Fantasy" costumes. The costumes are chosen to inspire the viewer's imagination. One girl was wrapped in black lace, one wore "Daisy Mae" jean cut-off shorts, several wore lingerie, and a few nothing at all. Each session takes a minimum of three hours, but usually sessions



last much longer than that.

Bill and his staff find these models from all over the United States. They come from diverse backgrounds. Some are professional models, others students, physical therapists, secretaries, professional dancers, feature entertainers, etc. — and some are recommended to him by his colleagues.

After viewing the previous Fantasy Girl trading card sets, several girls sent Bill their pictures and requested to be considered. This set contains many never before published models and several previously published models that are making their shocking topless and/or nude debut. This set also includes an appearance by PENTHOUSE video star Glori-Anne.

From beginning to end the whole card set took over a year to complete. Over 5,000 photographs were taken, but only 60 were chosen. The cards are available as a standard set along with signature

sets, lip print sets, and a nipple print set. Each card is 2½" x 3½" full color, with a gloss finish. (A must for the serious collector.)

The set starts at only \$15.95, for a standard set, with prices rising

accordingly for the signature set and lip and nipple sets. Only a limited number of sets are available, so place your order soon to receive your set. It's guaranteed to be the hottest thing since baseball cards were invented. □







Rain, Rain, Go Away...

BECKY SUNSHINE'S

Here To Play!!!

Photos Courtesy Becky Sunshine

This is a different kind of interview than most as "Becky Sunshine" is very well known in many genres (trading cards, comic books, men's magazine spreads, softcore adult & the computer industry, etc.) Becky is not that well known in the "Scream Queen" B-movie arena, but that is about to change. As of this writing she has several scripts sitting out by her pool! (And it appears that the pool has won the battle for her attention.) She has only been in front of the camera for 2 years. Never having dreamed of modeling or acting, this all happened by accident! Since Becky's career is zooming at the "speed of light" we figured we might as well catch her now. Soooooo heereerres Becky!!!!!!

Becky, could you tell us how you got started in the entertainment industry?

Well, about two and a half years ago, someone entered a video of me dancing around nude into a video contest, and I ended up winning the "Video Starlet of the Year" award for a men's magazine. From there it really just flew itself!!

You seem really shy and quiet. Did you find it easy to do nude work?

I'm super shy, and I was dying when that video was released!!! I shot that with a boyfriend and was embarrassed when I was making it!! (Although I was also somewhat aroused!! Ha Ha!!) It wasn't supposed to be seen by anyone, but my boyfriend at the time talked me into showing it to





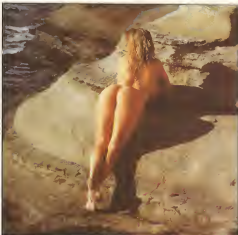
some friends of ours, and they sent it into the contest as a joke.

So you were reluctant? Had you previously modeled or anything?

No, I had never done anything except the family picnic! I never even dreamed of doing anything in front of the camera, but I was pleasantly surprised to find out how nice the fans are. As corny as it sounds, I'm sure that was what made me comfortable with all this.

I know you are the "Trading Card Queen," as that's how most people know of you, but tell me about the computer thing.

Thank you, I love trading cards. The computer thing is really neat, too. I have this computer BBS (bulletin board) that runs 24 hours a day, and you can see my pictures (Gifs) and my video clips (AVIs) and even download my voice (WAV files) from anywhere in the world. Anyone can have general access, but they have to send age verification to get the good stuff! Ha Ha!!!





There are different access areas and graphics and all kinds of neat stuff. I have two full-time computer people that help me so that all I have to do is log on and type. I even have a cute little laptop that allows me to leave and receive messages when I'm traveling. I leave updates on my schedule and appearances, etc.

Wow! That's really wild. How does a person do all this? Obviously, you need a computer and what else?

Well, you need a modem so you can dial out. Then it's like a phone call with colors and graphics. I can give you the number: (619) 387-4340. I'm not a computer whiz myself, so I hired some great people to help me.

Getting back to the trading cards, how many do you have out now? And what's so neat about them?

Well, I have I think over fifty different cards out now, and what's really neat is the fact that people take such good care of them because they are collectibles. It's kind of how I was with my Barbie dolla. They sort them out and discuss the "artistic aspects" and who's their favorite team or player (or nudie gal, Ha Ha!) I shot some really neat ones for Doublevision. They are 3-D cards when you use a special viewer. We had to use special camera equipment and went down to the local beach (Windsor in La Jolla, CA) and drew a nice crowd and had lots of fun. I was lying in some really pretty tide pools fully naked, and was really nervous and yet aroused. All these guys were fishing off the rocks and began watching the shoot, and it was really quite sensual with the sun beating down on my naked body. One of the guys came up to me and got an autograph and said that he and his buddies came with one pole, each, but left with two.

What's going on in the comic world with you?

Well, I have the Becky Comic with

Carnal, and that's drawn by my girlfriend, Genevieve. She is totally gifted with women's faces. (And men's too.) And it's almost out now. I'm also working on a new comic with a great talent named Louis Small, Jr. of VAMPIRELLA fame. It's going to be written by myself with help from Bill Campanera from the Crypt in New York. So I'm really fortunate to be working with such talented people.

Tell us a little about your videos.

I understand you do most of your own stuff?

Yeah, I do. It's really fun. I just act silly and be myself, and usually my clothes mysteriously disappear (Okay, I admit it, my videos are just an excuse to run around naked and fondle myself!!) They are pretty blatant T&A, but I don't have a problem with that. In fact, I've never really even seen a "casing couch" (although I've heard some good horror stories). I like the sexy side of things a lot and



think that when we give people an outlet for sex it's better than repressing it. So I don't mind being a "Beach Bunny Bimbette." (In fact it's kind of fun, but don't tell anyone I said that.)

So where can someone reach you for fan club stuff or videos, etc.?

They can write me at:
5666 La Jolla Blvd. #175
La Jolla, CA 92037

and if they have modem on their computer at (619) 287-4340.□





Scare Tactics

HORROR FANS ARE NICE PEOPLE!

Article by John Russo Photography by Mike Manikowski



When I sold a serial killer novel, the *MAJOR-ETTES*, to Pocket Books, I went to New York to meet the editor, and after we had talked about the new novel and the other two novels I had published at that time (*NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* and *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*), he looked at me quizzically and said, "But you seem like such a nice guy."

I said, "Well, I don't commit these murders, I just write about them."

Over the years, I've met dozens of people who, like my editor, upon learning what I do for a living, stare at me in puzzlement, as if wondering if I've got a bunch of dead bodies buried in my basement. Apparently, they're just as suspicious of horror fans. They think there might be something drasti-

cally wrong with people who like scary books and movies.

At the Chiller Theater Convention in April, a movie producer friend of mine, who had not attended many conventions, said to me, "These people are so polite and well-behaved, even more so than some other kind of crowd would be. They just walk around enjoying themselves."

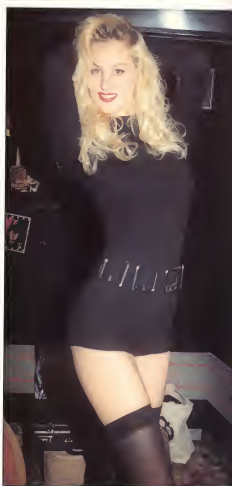
That is very true. And it makes sense, because in order to be a horror writer or fan, your sensibilities have to have been jolted at some point in your life by the horrors that take place in real life and/or in fiction. In other words, you have to be sensitive enough to be shocked and scared by the evil that can be done to you or your fellow man. After all, what is the most common blurb that you see on the jacket of a successful horror novel? "Don't read this if you want to be able to go to sleep at night."

We implicitly expect the reader to identify with the victims, not the perpetrator. In other words, we expect the fans of horror stories to have empathy — a quality that serial killers lack.

Five or six thousand people come to the Chiller Conventions over a three-day weekend, and you don't see any fights or arguments or general rudeness. People walk around with smiles on their faces, glad to be able to meet their favorite filmmakers, actors or Scream Queens, and to browse the dealer booths, collecting autographs, model kits or movie memorabilia.

The beautiful photographs that accompany this article were taken at the Chiller Con of last October and were given to me in April by the photographer, Mike Manikowski. I didn't ask him to do it; he just did it to be nice. I wasn't even aware till after we had talked for a while, that Mike is the person who also took the terrific stills that we ran in a previous issue, on Donald Farmer's movie RED LIPS. Thanks again, Mike!

At the same convention we had the pleasure of meeting in person a fellow named Bruce Taylor, who has been a steady customer of ours but had never come to a Chiller Con before because he lives in Seattle — quite a distance from the East Coast. A few months earlier, just to show his appreciation for our magazine and other products, Bruce sent me and Bob Michelucci and Terry Weston gift packages of cheese and smoked salmon. Delicious stuff. So when I saw him I



gave him a couple of free books. And his response was to give us a bottle of wine just before he left to catch his plane. He said that he thoroughly enjoyed himself the whole weekend and that the cross-country flight was well worth it.

Personally, I always enjoy the conventions. It's fun hobnobbing with everybody at the bar in the evenings. On Saturday night at the April Chiller, there was a costume dance, and entertainment was provided by Kevin Clements'

excellent oldies band. They were joined on stage by Reggie Bannister (star of the PHANTASM movies) who is an accomplished guitarist. And Michelle Baser and other *Scream Queens* in outlandish costumes boogied with the fans.

If these conventions weren't such fun, they wouldn't draw thousands of people twice a year to the Meadowlands Hilton. So, if you've never been there, do yourself a favor and show up next time. We'll be happy to see you! □



THE SCHOOL GIRL



Photographs by Bill Suttle

I think that the reason lots of men have sexual fantasies revolving around schoolgirls is not because we're a bunch of weird, kinky perverts, but because in our school days our libidos were at their highest pitch of agitation and lowest level of satisfaction. I mean, it's no accident that the Rolling Stones' *I Can't Get No* was a smash hit: for many of us, it summed up our situation exactly – it was an anthem of sexual misery. We were surrounded with hundreds of beautiful, ripe coeds – young girls at the peak of pulchritudity and desirability – yet most of us couldn't score with them. And even if we did manage to score once in a while, it wasn't anywhere near as often as we would have liked or with the variety we so avidly craved.

As a result, our hearts will always have a soft spot of sad wistfulness over whatever we may imagine that we must have missed.

I'm no exception, even though I get to work with many young, beautiful, naked or half-naked women. You see, I'm a director of erotic thrillers. Like many others who hear what I do for a living, you may find yourself envying me. But it's not what you think. In fact if you can pardon a bad pun, it's not all it's cracked up to be. I work hard to maintain a professional distance between myself and the actresses. And so do they. If we all tumbled into bed with each other all the time, we'd never get anything else done; in other words none of the movies that titillate you would ever get made.

The movie that I'm working on now has a scene where a 40-year-old college professor is seduced by a 19-year-old student. This student had to come on to him like wildfire – with no inhibitions whatsoever. I wanted, hopefully, to find somebody for the role who would heat up the screen like Sharon Stone did in *BASIC INSTINCT*. Now, it might surprise you to know that even though many actresses are uninhibited enough, very few manage to exude that high, sweet



epitome of sexuality. Lots of them don't mind taking their clothes off, and lots of them look wonderful naked or clothed. But what I was after for this movie had to be on an altogether fantastic plane. And that's hard to find. Just try to picture anybody other than Sharon Stone doing what she did in her movie. I think you'll agree that probably nobody else could have pulled it off quite so well.

But let me tell you right now that I got lucky.

An actress I had never met before showed up to read for the part of my 19-year-old schoolgirl. As it turned out, she was 19 years old. And she was a schoolgirl. She was actually a sophomore drama major at a local university. The character she was auditioning for in my movie was named Candy, so I'll call her by that name as I tell you what happened.

Her audition took place in my office, with the door closed and the rest of my staff out running errands and doing various preproduction tasks. Nobody was around to read the part of the college professor, so I did it myself. The script called for Candy to show up for a private talk with the prof, who in addition to being her drama coach was also her faculty advisor. She sat in a director's chair in front of my desk (not the metal folding chair called for in the script) and we started into a cold reading that gradually got hotter and hotter.

"Uh - Professor Wilkins," Candy read, "I don't know how to tell you this - because it has to do with your wife."

"What do you mean?" I said, feigning the note of surprise called for in the script.

"Well, you know you asked Mrs. Wilkins to tutor me in my college algebra course because I got a D last semester."

"Yes, and was she helpful?"

"Not in the way you might think."

"What does that mean, Candy?"

"We were supposed to meet in the University library last night, but she phoned me at the last minute practically and suggested that we do it at my apartment."



"You're making this up," I said with the called-for air of suspicion. You see, in a previous scene, it had been established that the professor knows Candy has the hots for him and that she's a little schemer who will go to any lengths to get what she's after.

"No, I'm not, and I'll prove it to

you," Candy replied in all innocence. "Does your wife, Diane, have a tattoo of a rose on a certain part of her body?"

"Why, how could you know that?" I said incredulously.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Professor Wilkins," Candy cooed petulantly. "I had no way of knowing the amazing things I was going to find out about her. Just thinking about what went on between us gets me all hot and bothered."

To my surprise, although it wasn't necessary to follow the script directions in a cold reading, Candy started unbuttoning her top as she went on reading her lines. "Your wife sat next to me on my bed and opened my college algebra book in my lap. Her fingers kind of brushed my breasts, but at first I figured it must have been an accident. But when she opened the book in my lap, one of her fingers grazed me down there."

Candy unbuttoned her top and pulled it down, off her shoulders. I had the feeling that this "cold reading" was getting very, very hot. But I let her continue. She had me mesmerized. I wanted to just tell her she could quit, she was definitely the actress I wanted for the part. But another part of me wanted her to go on - and on.

"Professor Wilkins," she said breathily, fondling her breasts right in front of me, "before I knew it your wife was touching my nipples - and then kissing them. I wanted to tell her to stop, but I just couldn't. And then she was kissing her way down to my navel -"

"Stop!" I said, reading the lines for the professor that were in the script. "I can't believe this! You're telling me my own wife is a lesbian?"

"I don't know," Candy said, puzzled. "I mean, I'm not a lesbian, and yet I didn't want to quit doing what we started doing together. We pulled each other's panties off, and I mean we both

just went at it. It was incredible! That's when I saw the tattoo - you know, the rose?"

"Of course I know! I've seen it many times, damn it!"

"Up close?" Candy read. "Up close like I saw it?"

I dumbly nodded, as called for in the script.

"I don't want to think that I could become a lesbian," Candy lamented. "I want to know that I still like men, and that men will still like me. Please, Professor Wilkins, will you help me?"

By that time we were both totally into our roles, and we dropped our copies of the script on the floor.

"What the hell!" I said, taking her into my arms. "What the hell, we may as well act out the rest of the scene, even though there aren't any more lines to it."

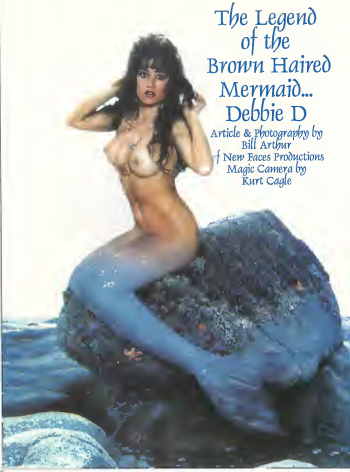
She kissed me, plunging her tongue down my throat.

We fell to the floor, stripping off the rest of each other's clothes, and we wholeheartedly did what was called for in the script. But it wasn't simulated. And we didn't have to stop for changes in lighting or camera angles.

And I honestly think that our lovemaking passage lasted a lot longer and was a lot more satisfying than the one we'll eventually shoot with Candy and some actor to end up in the movie. □





A full-page photograph of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair and bangs. She is nude from the waist up, with a small blue tattoo on her left breast. She is sitting on a large, dark, textured rock in the ocean. Her legs are covered in a blue, scaly material that forms a mermaid tail. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile, her hands are raised behind her head. The background is a bright, overexposed sky and the blue water of the ocean.

The Legend of the Brown Haired Mermaid... Debbie D

Article & Photography by
Bill Arthur
of New Faces Productions
Magic Camera by
Kurt Cagle



DEBBIE D STATS**Height:** 5'2"**Weight:** 105**Hair:** Brown & Long**Eyes:** Brown**Measurements:** 36C-23-34

At age 25, Debbie D is bursting with talent on many fronts and has the desire to make her mark in modeling, acting and music. She has appeared in many TV commercials and short-subject films, music videos and live theater. As a professional singer she has toured the United States with more than a dozen bands. **BILLBOARD** magazine took note of her "sweet singing voice." As an actress she has completed two feature-length movies, **BURGLAR FROM HELL** and **JACKER**, and

can be seen in a sexy spoof called **NAKED HORROR**.

Kurt Cagle is a writer, artist and multimedia producer who has had an absorbing interest in mermaids and other *femmes fatale* ever since he was a boy. He has edited a magazine, **SEA TAILS**, devoted to the subject, and now maintains the magazine electronically on the internet at: <http://www.blarg.com/~cagle>. He's hoping to catch other mermaids and mythical ladies in his computer camera's sights, and can be reached at: cagleK@aol.com if any wish to talk.

After meeting Debbie while producing a TV talent show, I had the opportunity to work with her on a music album cover, and since then I've become her promotional photographer for her music, movies

and modeling.

Last year when she wanted pictures for her calendar, she said she wanted her fans to see her mermaid side. Her close friends already knew that she could swim before she could walk and sing before she could talk. She came to my studio with some of her collection of shells, and we placed them around the set. I had a sequined material that looked like scales, and as I draped it over her, it seemed to fall into shape. As I took the pictures, she moved about naturally, and when the film was developed, I seemed to capture her that way.

Later we experimented with more photography and effects added by Kurt Cagle, and the result is the fantasy of the "brown haired mermaid," which we think you will



greatly enjoy. □

To learn more about Debbie D,
please write to her fan club:

New Faces Productions, Inc.
1657 The Fairways — Dept. 105
Jenkintown, PA 19046





NAKED MOVIES

How To Become A Video Entrepreneur
And Work With Lots Of Beautiful Women



Bob Scott has written/produced/directed more than two dozen best-selling T&A videos distributed worldwide by California based Edde Entertainment. He was working as a telemarketer at Edde when he happened to see a video entitled NUDE AEROBICS – and although he had never in his life made a movie, he figured he could do at least as well as the folks who had made that movie. He plunged right into NUDE AEROBICS 2, and followed it up with NUDE HOUSEWIVES, NUDE SECRETARIES, NUDE VAMPIRES, and a string of similar titles – all featuring beautiful women seducing the camera in a variety of sexy vignettes.

Though these videos are inexpensively made, it might surprise you to know that they frequently outsell big-time feature movies on cable, on pay television, and in video stores all over the world. Read this spicy interview to learn how Bob Scott does it, and to open up a whole new direction for your own filmmaking career!

Bob, what was your background before you became a video entrepreneur?

I knew absolutely nothing about film production. I was a musician, the lead singer for a rock band called the THUNDERCATS, and like most musicians I had to supplement my income by being a telemarketer or a messenger or a waiter. So I was working a day job at Edde Entertainment when I saw my first T&A tape and said to myself, "I can do that," and started asking questions and doing research. I knew it took a camera and crew, but I knew little else. I learned as much as I could, and a month later I shot my first video. As a matter of fact, I did NUDE AEROBICS 2 and 3 in the same day. No training. I just went for it. And I had the support of the executives at Edde, who financed my efforts and put their trust in me. By that time, I had been working there for about three years, so I had earned their confidence.

What format did you shoot in?

I started off with SVHS, but as I got better and better at making the videos, the company let me go to Betacam SP, and all my stuff is broadcast quality.

When I find models who work well with me, I tend to use them again and again, and they acquire a fan following. I like working with the same people if they're good and you can trust them to show up on time and keep their commitments. Isaac, for instance, was in NUDE AEROBICS 2 and 3, and in 976-VIDEO — which was sort of an interactive phone-sex video, or as close as you can get to "interactive" without going to CD-ROM. It was a soft, R-rated video, with Isaac "talking to the viewer" and doing things to please him on-camera.

In order to cast NUDE AEROBICS 2, I put ads in the newspaper and notices in the dance clubs — which didn't really work, because most of the girls thought I was just coming on to them. These girls must get hit with every line in the book,



because not one believed me. So I started going to agencies, and that's how I did my casting from then on — that way I can hire their top models, dancers and actresses.

What was your next video after the NUDE AEROBICS series?

Next I did NUDE HOUSEWIVES, which for the past four months has been one of the top-selling titles advertised in a leading men's magazine. My videos are also carried in a major record chain all over the country, and out of ten thousand or so titles that they handle, I have two in the top twenty. Some of my videos are also on pay-per-view television; NUDE SECRETARIES played for about a month, and came in number one, ahead of THE FIRM. That really shows the mind-set of the buying public!

To date, I've done about twenty-six titles for Edde Entertainment. Anything that has "nude" in the title is mine: NUDE LAW ENFORCEMENT, NUDE SECRETARIES, NUDE COWGIRLS, NUDE NURSES, NUDE BODY PAINTING, NUDE VAMPIRES — all light, tongue-in-cheek fun. These tapes sell incredibly well — on cable, in foreign markets, etc., all over the world. It's just amazing.

As far as cast, are there some girls you especially like to work with?

I like to work with them all, actually. Jasno is special, and so is Felicia Danzy, who was in NUDE VAMPIRES, NUDE NURSES, NUDE COWGIRLS and



NUDE SLUMBER PARTY. She's an actress and a dancer, very, very sexy, and a delight to work with. She's on the cover of **NUDE COW-GIRLS**.

A new model I've been working with is Cathleen Raye, who's on the cover of **NUDE VAMPIRES**. She just left for Australia to do a **PENTHOUSE** spread. Most of the girls have appeared in B-movies or in **SCREAM QUEENS** trading cards or in **SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED** magazine.

In **NUDE SLUMBER PARTY** I used Summer Saunders, Gabriella Nicole, and Felicia Danay. They're really exceptional — I use them a lot. They were in **LAW ENFORCEMENT** and **SECRETARIES**. Gabriella is a martial artist.

How to Become a Video Entrepreneur and Work with Lots of Beautiful Women

I maintain a professional, very low-key set. I don't permit outsiders to hang around. The girls don't like to be doing their job, stripping, with five guys standing in the corner ogling. I have certain rules, like there are no come-ons. And because I keep this kind of a set, I start off with a few girls, and then I get calls every day, just from recommendations. They want to work with me because they've been told by their friends that I'm a nice guy, easy to work with, and very professional.

A lot of the girls are dancers and strippers, and they're comfortable with nudity. The first couple of shootings took me aback, because the girls come in, chat for a while, and then they come out without any clothes on, and they're still calmly chatting about the weather, or about a scene or costume or something. It's so natural to them.

Do you shoot on location or on sets?

Well, sometimes we shoot at an actual location, as in the case of **NUDE SLUMBER PARTY**, which was filmed at somebody's home. But most of the time we use a



soundstage. Usually I work at CHN in Hollywood, which is a fabulous place to shoot a movie. The guy who runs it, named Hal, is 75 years old and has worked with just about everybody in the business. He supplies me with a lot of the top models, because they know he has a good reputation and they trust him.

There are about eight people on my crew: a makeup person, an electrician, grips, a sound man, and a cameraman. In the beginning, like I said, I researched everything and learned as much as I could about the equipment and the movie-making process. I taught myself, and then I taught my friends – and now they're my crew! Except for my cameraman, Buck McCahill, who was already a total pro. Everyone else learned on the job, and now, thirty videos later, they're all experts.

We do two or three videos per month. They're not all T&A. We did a kid's video called BEIN' NICE IS COOL – an instructional film, teaching manners and etiquette. We also did one called TELIQUARIUM, a mood tape with just music and shots of fish swimming around. And one called SERENITY, just shots of the outdoors with spiritual messages. And FIREPLACE videos, with just a log burning, set to music. The mood pieces sell lots of copies; people use them to meditate and relax.

The owners of Edde, Guy and Manoj, are not afraid to experiment and try new things. They've given me a chance to succeed, and I've been able to work with very talented people.

I produce all of the music on my videos. I write the score, then I go into a studio, and since I play five or six instruments, I can overlay the various tracks, then mix them to a finished composition. And there you go! Sometimes I use another fellow, Dave Banks, who also plays five or six instruments, and between the two of us we bump out all the music.

Where do you do your editing?

I go to a guy named Manny Martinez, who I consider a miracle maker. His production house is called Blue Water Post. He has won Emmy Awards and so on, and somehow he took a liking to me, and he makes my stuff come out looking terrific. We edit on Beta, then bump it to one-inch for dups.

How about package design?

That's done at Edde, by a woman named Dorit Ariel. She does all the box covers, and her work is wonderful – the packages really sell.

Are there any especially amusing stories you'd like to tell about your work?

Well, we were filming NUDE LAW ENFORCEMENT in the middle of the big earthquake that hit L.A. not long ago. We were in a warehouse, and if you could have seen the warehouse after the earthquake, you would not have believed that we could have continued filming. We were right in the epicenter, and every time the building shook, the girls ran outside nude. But they were gung-ho; they went for it! They kept coming back inside after each tremor. Concrete blocks fell off of the building, but we kept on filming till we were wrapped! ☐



**Fantasy
Girl
Discovery:
Melissa
Wolfe**



Photos Courtesy Melissa Wolf



Melissa Wolfe is North America's most published centerfold. She's been in PENTHOUSE over 58 times, and has appeared in five sexy videos, including THE GREAT PET HUNT, PART ONE. Originally from Vancouver, Canada, where she graduated from a Catholic school for girls only, she has been an exotic dancer for the past eleven

years. "Before that," she laughs, "I was working at McDonald's and wasn't making enough to pay my rent. So I began dancing, then posing for PENTHOUSE, which enabled me to become a featured dancer. So I've been very fortunate."

Melissa works fifty weeks a year, touring just about every city in the

United States. She has a demanding schedule, doing five shows a day, six days a week. "But I find it easy," she says. "How hard can it be to go up on stage and dance for twenty minutes? I'm aerobically fit because I work out five days a week, two hours a day. I squeeze my work-outs between my shows, usually between the twelve-thirty and five-thirty show. I show up, do



my job, and strange men give me lots of money. I love it!"

As a young girl, she took modeling and dancing lessons, but has no desire to get into acting or modeling full-time. She likes taking care of animals, and has a dozen bird and squirrel feeders in her backyard. "I like to bake my own bread - I just got a new machine - so you can picture me naked running around the kitchen, making bread and feeding my squirrels. The neighbors dig it, especially the men."

Not surprisingly, she likes men who like to train and are in good physical shape. But they must also have a good sense of humor and what she describes as a "Southern" sense of manners and etiquette. She likes to be treated like a lady, and complains that nowadays people aren't polite enough to each other - they don't even say thank you if you hold a door open for them or let them into heavy traffic during rush hour.

She enjoys going to the theater, and never misses seeing THE NUT-CRACKER at Christmas time or

seeing dance-oriented shows like CATS. But it's tough for her to attend as many performances as she would like because of her show schedule when she's on tour. "I don't read much because I tend to fall asleep on airplanes. I take along a copy of MUSCLE & FITNESS because I can look at the articles in short bursts."

Asked why she has no desire to become a movie star, she says, "I enjoy exactly what I'm doing. I'm one of the rare entities who really loves my job. I excel at it, if I do say so myself. I'm a very good nude entertainer. I'm at my best when I'm naked, and anybody who's seen me will tell you that, I'm sure!"

Melissa says she's most famous for her All-American Paint Show, which she's been performing ever since the Persian Gulf War. "It's probably the number one copied show on the circuit nowadays. I come out in American theme costume, and when I'm nude I paint myself red-white-and blue - stripes and stars and so on - and then I lie

down on T-shirts and make body prints, and the guys go nuts! They buy the shirts like hot cakes and wear them or frame them.

"I'm just now starting a new project on the Internet, and you can reach me at www.centerfolds.com. The first two months we'll feature me and my fan club, and eventually you'll be able to go on-line with me, talk, play games, earn points, down-load photos, make purchases using the points you've built up, and so on. After I get it kicked off, we'll be featuring a new entertainer every month. Next up is Julia Hayes, who has appeared in some of Becky Le Beam's SOFT BODIES videos. You'll be able to read about her and purchase some of her fan club items as well. It's kind of like a home shopping club for feature entertainers."

To learn more about Melissa you can phone her Hot Line number, which is (404) 621-5095. To join her fan club, write to:
Wolfe
2180 Pleasant Hill Rd.
Suite A-5356, Duluth, GA 30136





Scream Scene

A look around the world of SF, Fantasy and Horror

Here's a peek at a model of the unique creature in John Russo's new novel and movie, **HELL'S CREATION**. This preliminary model was made by special effects master Vincent Guastini, who also did the effects for **SUPER MARIO BROTHERS**, **METAMORPHOSIS: THE ALIEN FACTOR**, **THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS**, and many other movies. **HELL'S CREATION** will be released by Arrow Entertainment.



Samuel M. Sherman (**SATAN'S SADISTS**, **FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY HORROR**, **RAIDERS OF THE LIVING DEAD**, etc., etc.) has released an extremely fascinating 45-minute audio cassette entitled **THE U.S. AIR FORCE vs. UFOs**. Culled from over six hours of recently declassified actual Air Force recordings of a real-life event that took place on October 7, 1965 at Edwards Air Force Base, this tape enables you to hear the voices of

military personnel who took part in this encounter with what seems to have been a squadron from another planet.

To order your own copy of this amazing audio document, send a check or money order for \$14.95 plus \$2.00 to cover shipping and handling to: Independent-International Pictures, Corporation
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THE RIGHT TYPE

Continued from page 22

"I'll show it to you upstairs; it's with my other souvenirs."

They spent time on the couch talking, cuddling, kissing. Harry was definitely attracted to her, and the feeling was mutual. Gail found him quite sexy, in an earthy, almost animal way which she couldn't really define.

When they went up to the bedroom, he opened the top bureau drawer and poked around an assortment of medals, dog tags, ribbons and patches. "Here's the Purple Heart," he said, picking it out and handing it to her.

A thought suddenly struck Gail. Dog tags! Didn't they usually have the soldier's blood type on them? She had to find out; had to get a close look at the dog tags. But she couldn't just reach in and pick them up.

"Harry," she asked, "why do the dog tags have that plastic covering on them?"

"That's to keep them from making noise, you know, clinking together at night and giving away your position to the enemy." He picked them up by the chain and shook them to demonstrate. Gail held out her hand, and Harry handed them to her.

"Now here's the patch of my old unit," he said, holding up a faded uniform insignia.

Gail looked at the dog tags.

Harris Tilghman Monroe
162589022

Protestant B+

Gail felt her heart leap to her throat. B-positive! The same blood type as James Starling and Marsha Van Street.

Harry gently took the dog tags from her and put all the insignia back in the drawer. His mind was on other things. So were his hands, which now moved slowly from

Gail's waist to her breasts. She didn't push them away. They kissed again, deeply, Harry's tongue exploring hers, then they sat together on the bed.

They groped and fondled each other as they continued to undress, tossing articles of clothing on the floor. Suddenly she stopped, putting her hand on his as he was reaching under her panties.

"What's wrong, Gail?" he asked.

"Nothing, Harry," she smiled. "I just wondered if you'd like to play some games."

"What kind of games?"

"Well, I brought some, ah, toys we could play with," she answered.

"Toys?"

Reaching over the side of the bed, Gail unzipped her black bag and brought out one of her "toys," holding it in front of him.

A pair of handcuffs.

"What do you have these for?" he asked nervously.

"I'm a cop, remember? Don't cops usually carry handcuffs?"

"Oh, yeah, right. Of course. So, ah, what are you into, Gail? Bondage? S & M?"

"I prefer to call it light bondage," she said. "Fun bondage." *Keep him calm*, she said to herself, *keep him relaxed*. She fastened the handcuffs to his right wrist, then to a corner of the bed.

"Now another pair, for the other hand," she said, reaching into the bag and producing another pair with which she handcuffed his left wrist the same way. She wasn't going to give him any opportunity to fight back.

"You going to do my feet, too?" he asked.

"No, that won't be necessary," she said, leaning over and kissing him.

Reaching into the bag, she grasped the final tool, with which she would kill him.

She brought it up quickly, driving the sharp point right into him.

Into his throat, right through the trachea. He made a gurgling sound as he strained against the handcuffs, not even sure what was happening to him.

Gail twisted the knife, slicing to the right side of his throat, watching the blood spurt over the pillow, the sheets, over her.

Then she leaned down to him.

And drank.

She had known all along, of course, that Harry was not the killer of Starling and Van Street. That person was right handed. Harry was left handed. She had noted that back in Captain Ben's Bar, when they exchanged addresses.

No, Harry was not the killer. But he was the right blood type.

Her type. She, too, was B-positive.

She drank deeply, longingly, savoring the warm life-fluid as it went down her throat like a fine wine. She hadn't had any blood for two years, not since she killed that lone hiker in the Wayne National Forest in southern Ohio. She hadn't even been sure exactly why she'd done it.

When she had finished, she removed the handcuffs, washed the blood from herself, and dressed quickly. She carried the black bag to her car, and returned inside the house with two even larger bags. She set one in the living room, and carried the other upstairs. She checked to be sure she hadn't left anything incriminating and, as a final gesture, went to the bureau drawer and took out Harry's dog tags. She gave him one last kiss and placed the dog tags around his neck, noticing that they made no noise, just as they hadn't in Vietnam.

Continued on page 69

THE RIGHT TYPE

Continued from page 68

She was two blocks away when the first explosive went off, then the second. The sky lit up as the house was engulfed in flames. It was remarkable, she thought, the things one learned as a police officer. How killers slash a victim's throat without making a sound. How arsonists torch a house.

There would be no trace of the wound on Harry's throat, nor of the fact that he had bled to death. Harris Monroe would be the unfortunate victim of a house fire. It would be a neat job, not as sloppy as her first victim nor this other vampire's victims.

Oh, yes, she mused as she drove away. The other vampire. She would have to continue to search for him. Introduce herself, get acquainted.

And make a deal with him. □

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It's in the Cards

Terry Weston looks at entertainment trading cards

Scream Queens Illustrated presents the sixth in a series of SQI Mini Trading Card Sets, and this one is probably the most requested set yet. You've got it... Michelle Bauer! This twenty card set features all new, made photos of Michelle that were taken exclusively for use in Scream Queens Illustrated's ninth issue and for this trading card set by Hollywood photographer Elliott.

She's officially retired from the B-movie circuit now, but here Michelle shows us just how sexy, and how fun loving she still is. We're all going to miss her, so this is just the perfect collectible to help us remember one of our all time favorite Scream Queens!

The regular twenty card edition set carries a suggested retail price of \$34.95. There's also an autographed edition that sells for \$24.95 (you get one additional card not found in the regular set and it's hand signed by Michelle), and yes! There's even an all important Nipple Print set available for a SRP of \$49.95.

All of the above mentioned Michelle card sets are available directly from: Market Square Productions, Inc. 20 Market Square Pittsburgh, PA 15222



By the time you read this review, the first series edition of the SQI BINDER SETS will be available. This is a nice way to have and protect all of your SQI Mini Trading Card Sets. SQI Binder #1 contains the entire first three mini sets (Bianke Stevens, Julie Strain, & Debbie Rochon). Each set is placed in plastic nine card sleeves that contain No PVC and are Acid Free to protect your collection. In addition to the sixty cards in the regular SQI Mini sets, you also receive a special nine card subset available only with this binder. It features three cards each of the lovely ladies mentioned above and each card is stamped with a gold foil replica signature across the front photo. A very nice idea indeed! The suggested retail price is only \$39.95!

There is also a Deluxe version of this binder set available. This edition also includes Autograph cards, Lip Print cards and even a Debbie Rochon Lip Print card! This Deluxe Version retails for \$99.95.

A second binder set is in the works and promises to be just as much fun.

You can order the binders from: Market Square Productions, Inc. 20 Market Square Pittsburgh, PA 15222

SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED



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FANTASY - Jenny lives a passionate sex life in her private fantasy world until she finds herself plunged into a psychological and sexual nightmare.

FELICITY - Upon graduating an exclusive finishing school, a young girl travels to the Orient & has a number of sexual experiences. Stars Glory Annes.

FEMALE MERCENARIES - Stars Lana Clarkson!

FEMALE MERCENARIES 2 - Stars Sybil Danning. AKA PANTHER SQUAD.

HELLFIRE ON ICE 2: ESCAPE FROM HELL - Original title was ORNICO PRISON OF SEX.

THE MANY LOVES OF JENNIFER - A beautiful cast including Miss Nude Universe and Miss Nude Galaxy in a wet T-shirt competition. An erotic portrait of a woman's pursuit of ultimate sensuality!

JOY
JOY
JOY



JOY - Joy's search for the perfect man takes her into even more exotic and sexual situations! Stars Claudia Udy.

JOY CHAPTER 2 - Joy is dragged, then ravished by party guests, as the host looks on... obsessed with giving her pleasure through others. AKA JOY AND JOAN starring Brigitte Lahaie!

JULIA - A young man experiences his sexual awakenings with Sylvia Kristel!

WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY 1 - AKA THE BIG DOLL HOUSE (1971). Starring Judy Brown and Roberta Collins.

WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY 2 - AKA THE BIG BIRD CAGE (1972) Stars Pam Grier, Sid Haig, and Carol Speed.

WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY 3 - AKA WOMEN IN CAGES (1972) Stars J. Brown

WOMEN'S PENITENTIARY 4 - AKA CAGED WOMEN (1984)

WILD CHILD - Laurie is a beautiful, sensual and totally uninhibited young woman...and when she throws a party, look out!

WOMEN OF HELLS ISLAND - Caged like animals, sexually abused and brutally tortured, escape is their only hope! AKA CAGED FURY.

CAPTIVE WOMEN 3



NAKED INSTINCT - Michelle Bauer and Deanne Power go beyond the sexual limit!

SCHOOL GIRLS 7 - THE CALENDER GIRLS While hitching a ride, a young student tells the male adult driver about her erotic sexual exploits and those of her classmates.

SAVAGE PASSION - The wild west was never wilder as a group of beautiful Indian maidens put a shocking new meaning to the game of "cowboys & Indians"!

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